

**this american candy, it'll rot your teeth. by
orphan_account**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

The number on the scale went up as Nancy's heart sank into her stomach. She had really thought she'd done better than that this week, skipping second helpings and declining milkshake dinner dates with Steve. She'd even gone running a couple times, trying to push away the memory of being chased, and she'd grinned at the sweat on her forehead, certain that her efforts would pay off. But they hadn't. Frowning, she ran a hand over her stomach.

She'd just have to try harder.

this american candy, it'll rot your teeth.

Author's Note:

EATING DISORDER TRIGGER WARNING

title from American Candy by the Maine

the "American Candy" album moodboards I made for
Nancy, Steve, and Jonathon:

[https://aestheticsuggestic.tumblr.com/
post/177042426336/moodboards-for-stoncy-
american-candy-lyrics](https://aestheticsuggestic.tumblr.com/post/177042426336/moodboards-for-stoncy-american-candy-lyrics)

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Weeks passed. Nancy kept trying and trying, cutting all the calories she could and burning off whatever she couldn't. Every night she stood in front of the mirror and searched for some sign that she was changing, but she came up empty every time, only consoling herself with the fact that the scale said she lost weight (even if no one, including her,) could see it.

She learned to appreciate the sound of her stomach growling and to hate the smell of salty french fries and sugary candy bars, her lips curling in disgust when she watched Steve eat his lunch across from her while she choked down a couple bites of an apple. And she kept losing weight.

Eventually, she hit a new low and decided to do some research, find out exactly what the perfect number was. To her surprise, she had

passed it weeks ago. She ran to the mirror, pulled off her shirt, and found the same old Nancy Wheeler staring back at her. She concluded the scale must be wrong and she kept going.

One night, sleeping over at Steve's with his parents on a weekend trip, she crept out of bed just after three in the morning and pulled Steve's mom's scale out from under the bathroom sink. She blinked down at the number and felt the weight of a thousand days of hell crashing down on her, the weight of loss and loneliness and every time she got up to fast and saw stars.

After that, Nancy determined that she must be the problem; she must be doing something wrong, exaggerating, looking for changes that weren't there. After so long with not even a, "wow, Nancy, have you lost weight?", or a, "you look so skinny!", she started to wonder if anything she had done, anything she had achieved, was even real. Maybe she was just going insane. Crying on the Harrington's bathroom floor, she muffled her face into her arms and made a decision.

She kept going.